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A circular logo for the Society for the Protection of Animals. It features a woman with dark hair on the left, looking down at a small dog. The dog is white with black spots and is looking up at her. The text "SOCIETY" is written in a decorative font at the top of the circle, and "FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS" is written in a smaller font at the bottom.



1925

#### NEWS FROM MANILA.

"THE CAMPAIGN IS BEING PUSHED WITH VIGOR AND GENERAL OTIS HOPES TO BE IN TOUCH WITH AGUINALDO BEFORE THE SEASON ENDS."



# •LIFE•



### A Heinous Crime.

O H, Love, a sorry soldier you,  
Though skilled in tactics wise;  
Right savagely you wounded me,  
Ambushed in Chloe's eyes;

### Her Modest Request.

"L ISTEN, my darling." The youthful millionaire drew to his heart the beautiful girl who had promised to share his wealth and happiness, and in simple language began to recount what the future had in store for him.

"It has been my great wish," he said, "that you should have a home, not only commensurate with your position and my own, but one which will be a fit

And ere the wound was safely healed,  
While yet I suffered sore,  
You aimed at me from Daphne's smile,  
'And pierced my heart once more.

You took advantage of my state  
While sad and sick I lay;

In woeful plight, I dared not fight,  
I could not run away.  
Oh, shame upon the deed you did—  
Oh, daftard through and through!  
You fired upon the wounded, Love—  
A sorry soldier you!  
*Theodosia Pickering Garrison..*

setting for your altogether sweet and delightful personality. And so for months now I have been engaged in a search after the best that money can buy, and the house I have had built especially for you is now complete throughout. Nothing has been omitted. Decorators and artists have bestowed their services, and all my resources have been taxed to provide our home with a suitable interior and with the most costly furniture. What do you say to this, my dear?"

"It is lovely," replied his betrothed, as she heaved a slight sigh. "There is only one thing more, dearest, that will make me completely and utterly happy."

"It shall be granted," exclaimed her enthusiastic lover. "Only tell me what it is."

The girl at his side stirred rapturously.

"How good of you!" she said. "I was only going to say that when we have moved into our new home, I would like the privilege of furnishing it all over again to suit myself."



"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXV. MARCH 8, 1900. No. 903.  
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GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has given recent evidence of his strong sympathy with strenuousness by writing a letter of commendation to a police magistrate in Rochester, who discharged two boys brought before him charged with fighting. The case did not seem to the magistrate to justify legal intervention, and in releasing the lads he made a considerable discourse about boys and their propensity to fight, and the expediency of letting them work off their superfluous energy according to their lights. The Governor, as is well known, believes in letting boys fight who are so disposed, and, indeed, seems rather inclined to encourage pugnacity and incidental fisticuffs among the young. There is no occasion to quarrel violently with his views in that matter. Where he seems to err in some measure is in supposing that there is any general disposition in the public to bind over all the boys to keep the peace. When he enjoins us to let our boys fight, and reiterates and re-reiterates that advice, he runs a considerable risk of being charged with giving to undisputed disclosures the weight of revelations. We who belong to the more timid section of the community and hate wars, are as much aware as anyone that the peace has often to be won and kept by the strong hand, and we are not at all disposed to have our lads grow up too weak of limb or of spirit to do their

## LIFE.

share in keeping it. If the gentle little boys are taught that it is wicked to fight on just occasion, who will there be to thrash the more quarrelsome and overbearing youngsters, who love fighting for its own sake and need occasional licks? To be sure, we are disposed to discriminate between blows struck in anger and blows struck in sport, and to discourage the former, but, after all, there are some things that boys work out pretty well for themselves, and this matter of fighting is one of them. To teach a boy of proper spirit that he must not let himself be imposed upon is usually unnecessary. Mothers have been known to urge upon their young sons the duty of giving blow for blow and holding their own. Such mothers are usually women of inferior sense. Boys that are worth anything do not need that sort of encouragement from their mothers. The most they need from them in that direction is a little arnica now and then.



ACCORDING to contemporary standards, which may have their imperfections, the fighting nations are the great nations of the earth, and a nation that cannot fight successfully is decadent. But after all, the fighting man who loves to fight is not the contemporary ideal man. First-class modern men don't fight if they can help it, and it is possibly the same with first-class boys. Fighting that goes beyond sport wastes strength and nervous energy. First-class men don't hate at all; don't get angry if they can help it, and don't fight except as a last resort. Lincoln is the ideal American of this generation; a gentle person; slow to wrath, patient, modest, and yet of profound strength, sagacity and courage. He never fought for anything that he could either do without, or get without fighting; he never hesitated to fight if necessary for what was worth a battle. He was one of the peacefulst and sanest men who ever lived, and the biggest figure in one of the greatest wars that ever was fought. Lincoln got many things without fighting for them, simply because he was the most competent person to handle them, and his superiority

made itself felt. We are warranted in distrusting the strength of persons who are in constant squabbles. One yacht-owner once said to another: "When you find there is trouble among your crew, always look for the little man. The big fellows get their own without difficulty. The little fellows are apt to be crowded and they make trouble."

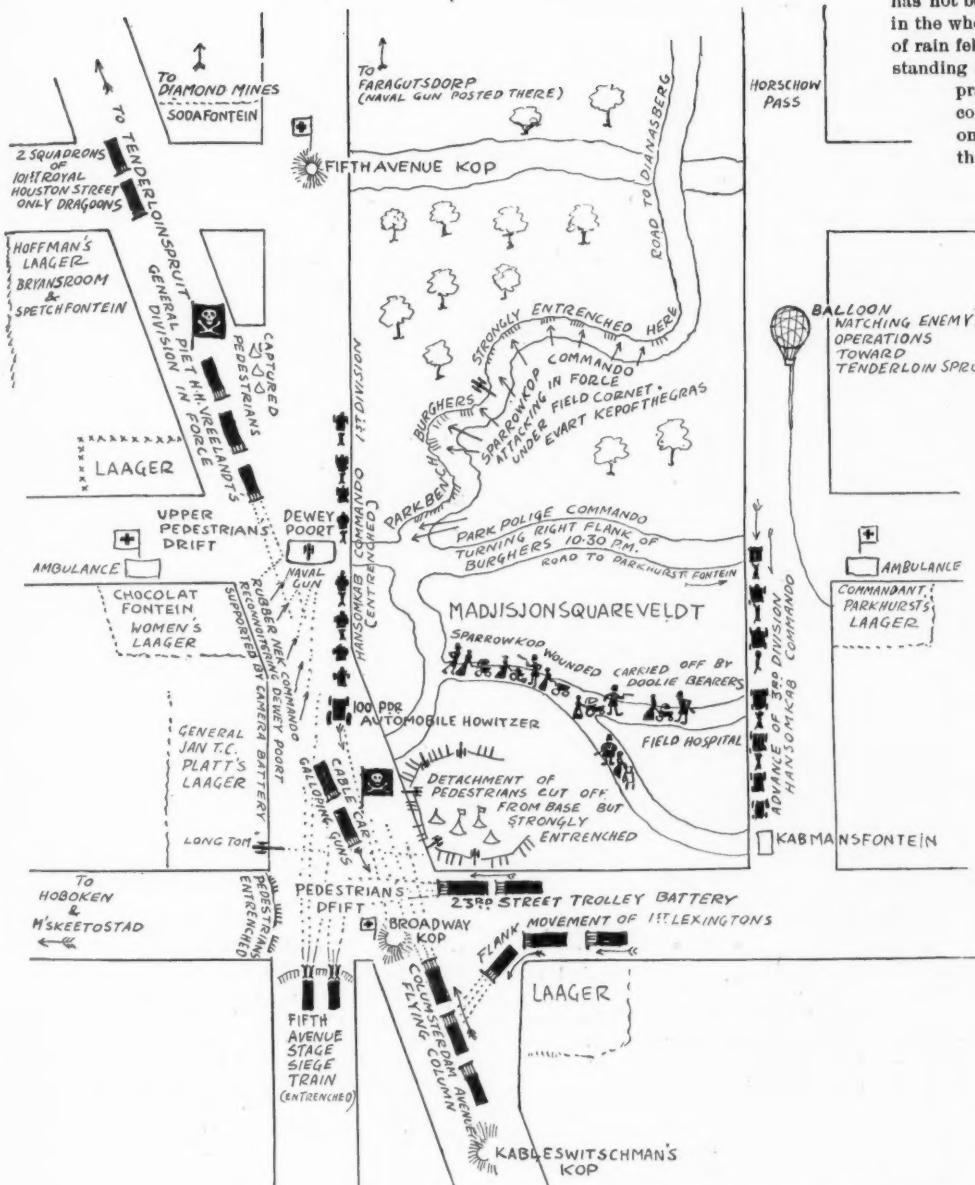
There is a lesson in that. Men who always have a fight on their hands are not necessarily more valiant than their fellows. Their pugnacity may be due to a defect of strength, or sense, or temper, or philosophy; or to an undue endowment of egotism, which last is a serious hindrance to honorable tranquillity.



THERE are as yet no more agitating reports from the State of Kentucky, and our fellow-citizens down there seem sincerely determined to work out their problems without further bloodshed. They are giving us reason to be proud of them. We do not forget how difficult their situation was. They seem likely not only to worry along without fights, but to cure the evils that have made the trouble.



IT seems possible that we are approaching a time when the state of public opinion will warrant legislation in the State of New York, which will make it a misdemeanor for any citizen to make an after-dinner speech of greater length than fifteen minutes. When the public had endured the theatre-hat until patience ceased to be creditable, it rose and made such din, and kept it up so long, that the theatre-hat got frightened and abolished itself. The after-dinner orator who wears out his hearers' patience should be dealt with in the same way. He should be shamed into moderation. Be generous to him! Give him twenty minutes at the outside, and have a clock with a loud voice that will strike at the end of that time and keep on striking until he stops. At present he is utterly untrustworthy, and the suffering he inflicts is intolerable. There were wails of unusual vigor over his recent excesses on George Washington's day.



PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS AROUND MADISON SQUARE TO ILLUSTRATE THE CROSSING OF BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE.

From Sketch Map by LIFE's Special Correspondent at the Front.

### Summary Measures.

THE following story comes by way of Boston: In the department of Castanas there had been no rain for nearly a year, and the people were brought to such a pass that they were actually dying of thirst, to say nothing

of the total destruction of all crops and other agricultural industries.

*El Pueblo Catolico*, of New San Salvador, prints a number of resolutions promulgated by the principal alcalde of the town and department of Castanas. They are as follows:

"Considering that the Supreme Creator

has not behaved well in this province, as in the whole of last year only one shower of rain fell; that in this summer, notwithstanding all the processions, prayers, and praises, it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Castanas, on which depend the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, it is decreed:

"ARTICLE 1. If within the peremptory period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, no one will go to mass or say prayers.

"ARTICLE 2. If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and missals, rosaries, and other objects of devotion shall be destroyed.

"ARTICLE 3. If, finally, in a third period of the eight days it shall not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns, and saints, male and female, will be beheaded. And, for the present, permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sin, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal."

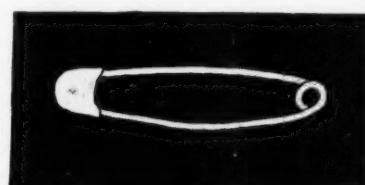
The most remarkable feature of this affair is the fact that four days after these resolutions were passed the heaviest rainfall known for years was precipitated on the burning community.

### Good Authority.

"THEY say that every gambling and disreputable house in the district is open."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, I had it from the police captain himself."



A CHAINLESS SAFETY FOR "SECRET SERVICE."



PLEASURE DRIVING ON FIFTH AVENUE.

## BOOKISHNESS

### The New Conquest of the Colonies by Historical Novelists.

A n interesting map could be made, showing how the writers of contemporary fiction have partitioned the country, each ruling over a county or state as a very benevolent despot in the affections of its people. Indeed, a series of such maps is now possible, for, contrary to the usual course of history, our writers have been working from the present time *backward* to colonial and revolutionary days—so that the most recent map of fiction would deal with the most remote epoch.

Just now our writers are carrying on a vigorous conquest of the American colonies. Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Ford have jointly occupied New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania; Mr. Churchill has absorbed Maryland; Archdeacon Brady is admiral of the high seas; and now Miss Mary Johnston raises her flag over Colonial Virginia. (She will

not, however, venture to dispute the suzerainty of Thomas Nelson Page over Virginia from 1860 to the present day.)

MISS JOHNSTON'S historical novel, "To Have and to Hold" (Houghton), gained considerable popularity while running as a serial in *The Atlantic*. In book form its defects become more evident. A series of adventures scattered over a year may not seem forced, but when you have four hundred pages of them at once, the mechanism is more conspicuous. In common with all historical novels, there is in this one the usual brave hero with an undying love, and the usual steadfast heroine who is at first unwilling to love him, but in the end abjectly surrenders. This plot admits of indefinite extension, like the waves of the sea. You simply bring the lovers together (one idyllic chapter); separate them by cruel devices of the enemy (four chapters of hair-breadth escapes); together again (another idyllic chapter for sentimental readers); more hair-breadth escapes (five chapters of adventure with plenty of historical allusions) — and so on, from

trough of despair to wave-crest of happiness till it is time to stop.

Miss Johnston has some special accomplishments to help out the well-known devices for writing historical fiction. She has accumulated a fine assortment of local Indian names, which are hard to spell and worse to pronounce. These make a page look very colonial. She uses a few old phrases, and many that appear to be old, with an ear for melody. Moreover, she fights her pirate ship with the skill of a Chesapeake Bay oyster pirate. The story is also helped along with some very good descriptive passages which reproduce the scenery of the lower James River.

THE expenditure of energy in an endeavor to reproduce the color and incident of American history is a praiseworthy exercise for native writers. Incidentally it may also lead the American reader to think better of the traditions of his own country. Unless it is supremely well done, however, it is very often exceedingly dull reading, but it may be a means of discipline to the minds of young readers.

who are too easily carried away with fiction that is entirely flippant.

At any rate, the "In Which" school of fiction (as James L. Ford would call it) has started upon a prosperous run in this country. There are still some very good corners of the map to preempt; and the steadfast hero and coy but determined heroine are always available to undertake their thrilling adventures in any climate and at any period of local or national history.

Droch

### New Publications.

**A MAN'S WOMAN.** By Frank Norris. New York: *Doubleday and McClure Company.*

**BY THE MARSHES OF MINAS.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston, New York, Chicago: *Siluer, Burdette and Company.*

**WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX.** By E. S. van Zile. New York and London: *Harper and Brothers.*

**THE FATE OF MADAME LA TOUR.** By Mrs. A. G. Paddock. New York: *Fords, Howard and Hulbert.*

This book, which deals with some of the horrors of Mormonism, was first published a score of years ago, and is now reissued, no doubt, because of the interest in the Roberts case.

**THE LIGHT OF SCARTHEY.** By Egerton Castle. New York: *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

**TALIESIN.** A Masque. By Richard Hovey. Boston: *Small, Maynard and Company.*

This is the fourth drama of the poem *Lauzelot and Guenvere*, in which the author has taken the Arthurian legends for his subject. The ground has been broken so well before that Mr. Hovey has done a venturesome thing.

**TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.** By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: *Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*

THIS joke appeared in LIFE, November 30, 1899:

### The Way of the Schemer.

**DE FAQUE:** If I could get some one to invest a thousand in that scheme of mine, I could make some money.

**CRAWFORD:** How much could you make?

"Why, a thousand."

And this joke appeared in the New York *Sun*, February 28, 1900:

### A Definite Thing.

*From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

**DE FAQUE:** If I could get some one to invest a thousand



*The Chamois Tiger: WERE YOU EVER IN LOVE?*  
*The Doll: NO, I NEVER MET ANYONE WITH MONEY.*

dollars in that scheme of mine, I could make some money.

**CRAWFORD:** How much could you make?  
"Why, a thousand."

It might not be a bad idea for the *Sun* to read what appears in LIFE, which would not only be a liberal education in

itself, but might obviate the necessity of encouraging literary theft.

### A Masterpiece of Resistance.

**E**DGAR: Tiff Thornton is a great success as a bachelor, isn't he?

**MRS. EDGAR:** A great success as a bachelor? What do you mean?

"Why, every woman he knows has either tried to marry him herself, or to get him married to some other woman."

### The Modern Lethe.

**S**AY, Jones, if the girl you loved wouldn't have you, what would you do to forget her?"

"Eat some lobster Newburg, a Welsh rarebit and a mince pie at midnight."

"Huh, what good is that?"

"Well, if you don't forget her for the next twenty-four hours, anyway, you're more of an ostrich than I am."

### A Trade in Itself.

**C**ITIZEN: See here, I'll give you a dime, but I believe you asked me for money only yesterday. Why don't you learn some good business?

**ABLE-BODIED BEGGER:** I have learned one, sir; I'm a re-toucher.



MR. W. D. H.

LIFE'S CARICATURE CAMEOS OF PROFOUND PERSONS, OR MODERN MUGS MODELLED IN MUD.

## Commonplace Fables.



**C**HARLES AND WILLIAM were partners in a Small Way in the Commission Business. When the War broke out William went to the Front, but as Charles had an Uncle who was a Congressman he went to Washington and Did Important Work for Some Contractors.

After the War William came Home in dusty Blue Clothes and was a Hero, although he was about Six Dollars in Debt. He found Charles not only Engaged to the Prettiest Girl in the Place but with his Pockets full of Ready Money.

It is Pleasant to Know that Republics are not Always Ungrateful.



**D**AVID was a Fine old Merchant. He was a Deacon, a Solid Man and universally Respected.

The Civic Reform Club urged him to Run for Mayor, and the committee Informed him that he would be Pretty Near unanimously Elected. He Weakly consented and the Respectable Element was Delighted.

They ran Against him an Unknown person named Michael, a retired Saloon-Keeper. He was an Ignorant man, but he knew a great Deal about Machines.

When they counted the Ballots it was Discovered that Michael had been Elected by a Vote of Two Thousand Two Hundred and Ninety-three to One Hundred and Fift-eight.

David felt very Sore and is Still Wondering how It Happened.

Stories like This should Demonstrate that Success consists in Knowing How to Succeed.

\* \* \*



**A**RGIBALD was a Very young Man who became Weary of working for a monthly Stipend of Forty Dollars, so he Told his father that he Would try a Whirl on the Street.

His father Discouraged him, but as Archibald was Firm, his father said: "Buy all the Consolidated Hot Air Preferred that you can Lay your hands on at the Market. It is a Gilt-Edged, Lead-Pipe Cinch."

Archibald respected his Governor but rather Thought that he was something of a Duffer, so he went Short on Hot



*Mamma Ghost: OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOY YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHITE SHEET ALL DIRTY.*

Air Preferred to an Alarming Extent.

The next Day there was an Awful Slump and Archibald's father was Ruined. But Archibald smiled and Said: "Cheer up, Father, I have made a Pot of Money."

Archibald supports his Father now, and the Old Gentleman takes Great credit to himself for Having given Archibald his First Tip.

It is a Way that fathers Have.

\* \* \*

**T**HEODORE was a Swell coachman and Bertha was the Daughter of the Banker for whom Theodore worked. In the course of time Bertha fell Very Much in Love with Theodore and proposed that They should Elope. Theodore agreed, but being a Wise young Man contrived to let her Father know of the Situation. "Alas," said the Banker, "this is too Horrible; I will Give you five thousand Dollars if you Promise to go to Chicago and Never see my Daughter again."

Theodore took the Five Thousand and married Sally, a Pretty Maid, to whom he had Been Affianced for two Years.

He never Did care Much for the Banker's Daughter.

From this and Similar happenings we See that occasionally there is a Romance with a String attached to It.



## An Important Question!

**W**ICH is the meanest city in the United States?

This is an important question, and one that LIFE would like to have definitely settled. With that object in view, we offer

**A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold** for the best statement of facts which prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

## Conditions.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close May 1st, 1900, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the argument.



HISTORIC BITS.

XIII.

PULLING DOWN THE LEADEN STATUE OF GEORGE III. AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.

A New Method.

THE patient of ye oiden time  
Was bled with cup and lance;  
A newer method's now in vogue,  
(Thus science doth advance!)  
  
For nowadays, when symptoms show,  
They quickly operate,

Then send a bill for surgery  
That bleeds the whole estate.

Hiram M. Greene.

WHEN money talks there are always  
plenty of attentive listeners.

THRICE heeled is he whose powder  
doth not smoke.

Accounted For.

“THERE goes a fellow who says  
there is no place like Brooklyn  
to live in.”

“Must be something queer about him.”  
“There is. He is a Brooklyn man.”



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THE RAVEN OF GOLD  
Chorus: MADAME IS RAVEN CHARMING

•LIFE•



THE POWER OF GOLD.  
CHARMING! AH, IT IS DIVINE!



### Trifling Farce and Sturdy Melodrama.

**S**OME gain accrues to this country by England's misfortunes. Under our system of developing actors, or rather not developing actors, we rarely get the finished product home-bred. Therefore, the theatrical dulness in London, which drove to our shores such an accomplished *comédienne* as Fannie Brough, who plays the tyrannical mother-in-law in "My Daughter-in-Law" at the Lyceum, is a delightful example of the good that sometimes comes from an ill wind. Funny women, who are funny without being coarse, are rare in all climes. Miss Brough fills the bill to perfection, and her methods will bear study by some of our own aspiring young women.

"My Daughter-in-Law" is the merest trifle, but it is wonderfully clean by comparison with its predecessor at the Lyceum, and it is far from dull. The troubles concern a young daughter-in-law who is unpopular with her husband's mother, and who, unfortunately, lives in the flat directly below the latter. The mother-in law has ceased to be a subject of stock fun in this country, but in this piece a new twist is given to her abilities as an annoyer, and the resulting situations and lines are provocative of merriment.

The piece brings back to us Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks, who were seen here last in an English company some five years ago. Since then they have gained considerable advancement in England. The lady is still a dimpled blonde of much personal comeliness and natural vivacity, which she puts to good use as the conspired-against daughter-in-law. Mr. Hicks would be more valuable as a comedian were he less cock-sure of his own funniness, and if he avoided an excess of buffoonery. Low-comedy tricks do not appeal to our audiences as they do to English ones, and we want our importations to bring their highest polish with them.

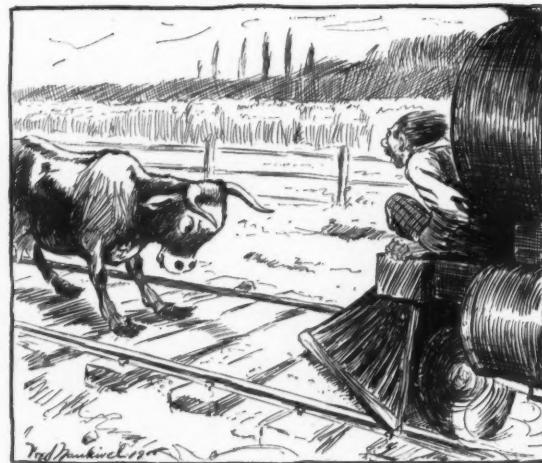
Persons who have dined heartily, and do not wish to go to bed at once, will find "My-Daughter-in-Law" a not unpleasant digestive and sedative.

\* \* \*

**T**HE classic Japanese drama is not at all likely to supplant our own on the American stage, but a sample of it will be found at least interesting. Through the enterprise of Mrs. Robert Osborn New Yorkers have an opportunity to see a talented company in serious Japanese plays for the next fortnight.

\* \* \*

**M**ELODRAMA may not be the highest form of dramatic art, but there is something about this strenuous branch of stage work which appeals to the appetite jaded by a succession of entertainments that make their strongest demands on our abilities to split hairs over questions social and sexual. Whatever else "Hearts Are Trumps" may be, it is at least attention-exciting and holds the interest without a break through its four acts, each containing from three to five complicated scenes. Some of these are thrilling, some are really humorous, and, in spite of the customary exaggerations necessary to melodrama, one or two are genuinely pathetic. The episode of the nude portrait might have struck us all a little while ago as being indecent, but, bless your souls, good American theatre-goers, we have been



LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

having such highly-spiced food of late that our moral palates are not so sensitive as they were. Consequently, what might have created comment passes almost unnoticed except as a very dramatic incident.

Melodramas in New York are usually presented at the Academy, whose vastness precludes much nicety in acting. At the Garden the actors have a chance, and two of them, at least, avail themselves of the opportunity. Mr. E. M. Holland makes *Leopold Kolditz*, the Jewish villain, a very careful character study, and Jessie Busley, who gained laurels as the unpleasant child in "The Maneuvers of Jane," wins another substantial triumph as *Miss Maude St. Trevor*, a shining light of the London variety stage. *Maude* not only knows how to take care of herself in the whirl of London fast life, but also cleverly and convincingly demonstrates the possession of a good heart beneath her rough exterior.

These are strenuous times in which we live, and if anyone craves strenuousness on the stage he will find it in the fourteen stirring scenes of "Hearts Are Trumps."

\* \* \*

**A**T present writing poor "Sapho" is still struggling with the yellow journals, the yellow men and women who hanker after such notoriety as the yellow journals can bestow, and incidentally with such police action as the yellow journals can influence. Strange, isn't it, that, with all their boasted enterprise, the yellow journals never discovered the nastiness of "The Conquerors," and of the many other nasty plays produced by the Theatrical Syndicate? It should be remembered, however, that the Syndicate controls much advertising and free tickets and many theatres. No yellow journal ever yet started a crusade that imperilled its own breeches pocket. And poor "Sapho"?—well, poor "Sapho" has won out of the crusade an advertisement out of all proportion to her importance.

Metcalf.

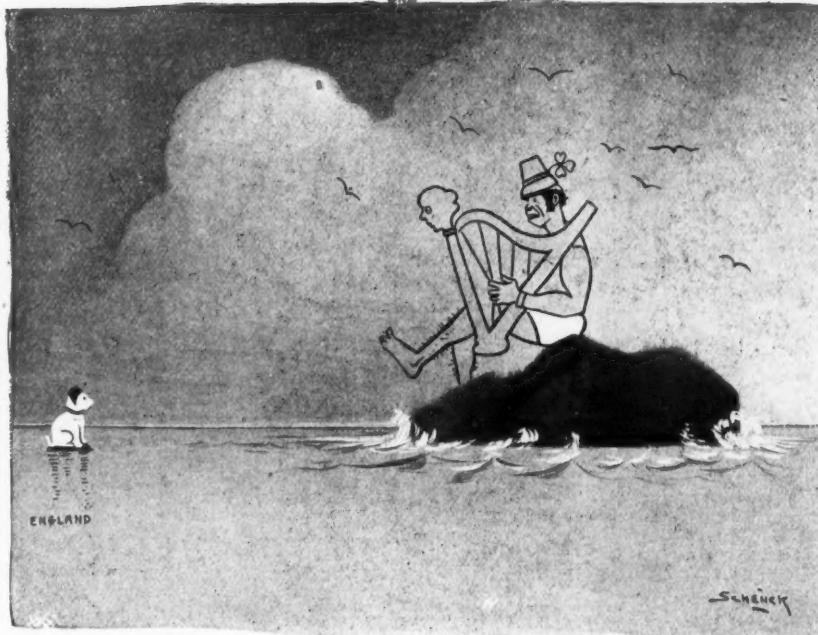
*The principal plays now on the stage in New York may be roughly divided into two classes—those that are clean, and those at which no self-respecting woman should be seen. To save our readers mortification and expense, we append a properly classified list:*

#### CLEAN.

"When We Were Twenty-one." "Brother Officers." "The Pride of Jennie." "Sherlock Holmes." "Way Down East." "Sister Mary." "The Ambassador." "Ben Hur." "My Daughter-in-Law."

#### NOT.

"Sapho." "Naughty Anthony." "Coralie & Co., Dressmakers." "Papa's Wife."



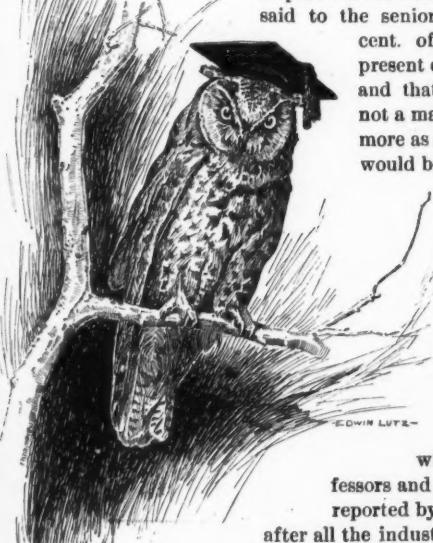
Ireland was a Nation  
When England was a Pup.  
*Old Song.*

#### Marriage vs. Love.

IN the papers of February 16th was a paragraph dated New Haven saying that Professor Sumner of the Department of Social Science at Yale had said to the senior class that ninety per cent. of the marriages of the present day turn out unhappily, and that marriage nowadays is not a matter of love, but is taken more as a matter of course. It would be interesting to comment upon this deliverance of Professor Sumner, if there was any probability that he has been correctly reported, and if there was any certainty that his remarks were important if true. The usual experience

with the remarks of professors and presidents of colleges as reported by the newspapers is that after all the industrious paragraphers and commentators have spent their strength in dissertations upon them, they are denied, or amended, or qualified by the gentlemen to whom they are imputed. We are all pretty sure that more than one contemporary marriage

out of ten turns out well. Indeed, most of us believe that the majority of marriages are successful. Shall we then conclude that Professor Sumner is a foolish person who reaches unauthorized conclusions about matters whereof he is inadequately informed? Let



us not be so rash. Professor Sumner's denials and explanations would come along presently, and we would have to eat all our words. What Professor Sumner probably said was that ninety per cent. of the marriages contracted by young men before leaving college turned out to be less advantageous than they might have been if judiciously deferred.

Marriage is an excellent institution. Nothing ails it. When it seems not to work right the trouble is with the folks. When two persons who are unhappy and unsuccessful single, get married and are still unhappy, we call it an unhappy marriage. That is hardly fair. Marriage is a failure only

when the parties to it are worse off and more troublesome to themselves and the rest of the community than they were before. When folks who were poor sticks single, combine their incapacity and selfishness and are poor sticks still, it is not fair to call that an unhappy marriage. It is merely a combination of unworthinesses, all of which existed before. No doubt Professor Sumner set forth all these somewhat obvious considerations to his pupils, as will appear in due time, when the revised version of his discourse is published.

#### Superfluous.

PARKE: Some women are never satisfied. My wife almost insisted last night upon my taking her to some play.

LANE: But you didn't?  
"No, sir! Why, I've seen everything there is."

#### The Real Thing.

JOHNNY (*who is jealous of Mamma*): Mamma likes me better than she does you!

EVELYN (*who enjoys teasing*): Why, no, Johnny, of course she loves Betty and me best! Just think, she was our mother long before she was yours!

JOHNNY (*scornfully*): Hoh, what of that! You are nothing but a sample copy, anyhow! And Betty's only a trial subscription! But I'm the real thing!

#### His Finish.

M R. PERCY ARMERHAM PELEWIGS stirred uneasily in his seat.

"The trouble with me, Miss Arimata," he said, with a slight blush, "is that I have never had enough confidence in myself. My nature, naturally timid and shrinking, has been hitherto, and is now, I fear, too delicate and sensitive to stand the coarse contact with rude strangers. Somehow, I do not seem to have the assurance, which, like second nature to some, is with me an unknown quantity. If I could only speak out, if I could only assert myself, ah! how I would rejoice. But I am too retiring, too modest, to cope with the rough world. I——"

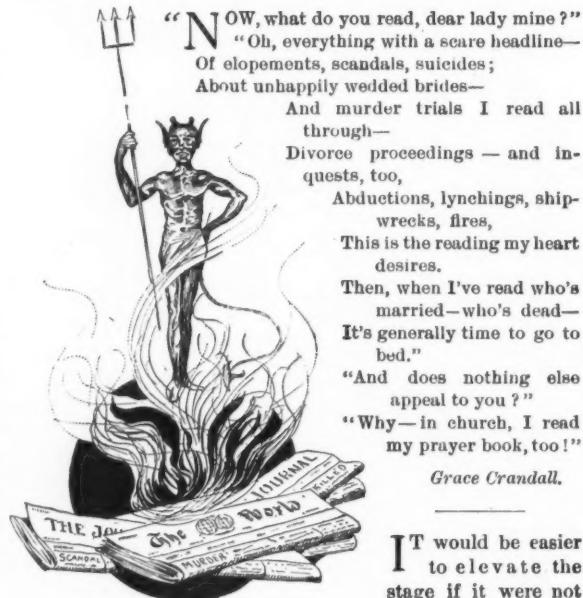
"Say no more," exclaimed the six-foot maiden at his side, as she drew him swiftly to her bosom and implanted a telling kiss on his delicate forehead, "Percy, dear, let me be a husband to you."



A SUBSTITUTE.

"LAWKS A MASSY, CHILE! DAT'S DE MOS' CURIOSIEST CORSET I EVER SEED!"  
"WELL, HIT'S NOT PERZACKLY A CORSET, HONEY. HIT'S MOH OH A WAIST BASKET."

#### The JOURLD, The FLESH, and The WORNAL.



"NOW, what do you read, dear lady mine?"  
"Oh, everything with a scare headline—  
Of elopements, scandals, suicides;  
About unhappily wedded brides—  
And murder trials I read all  
through—  
Divorce proceedings — and in-  
quests, too,  
Abductions, lynchings, ship-  
wrecks, fires,  
This is the reading my heart  
desires.  
Then, when I've read who's  
married—who's dead—  
It's generally time to go to  
bed."  
"And does nothing else  
appeal to you?"  
"Why—in church, I read  
my prayer book, too!"

Grace Crandall.

IT would be easier  
to elevate the  
stage if it were not  
so near the box office.



*The Brother: Shall I stick her for a lump sum, or hold it over her as a perpetual menace?*

# LIFE.



"BOBS" AND KITCHENER.  
 You're at it once again,  
 Fightin' Bobs,  
 Un'eeding privit pain,  
 Father Bobs ;  
 With a big lump in your throat  
 You've stepped aboard the boat,  
 But Tommy's made a note,  
 Dear old Bobs.  
 You're older than you was,  
 Afghan Bobs ;  
 That don't signify, becos—  
 'Cos you're Bobs.  
 You've never 'ad an ounce  
 Of gas or buck or bounce,  
 So them Boers I specs you'll trounce,  
 Fightin' Bobs.  
 With the Sirdar you're in touch  
 Gen'ral Bobs ;  
 Some chaps don't love 'im much,  
 Do they, Bobs?  
 'Is orficers confess  
 'E ain't too gay at mess ;  
 But the Boers will love 'im less,  
 Won't they, Bobs?  
 But 'e's the fighter's friend,  
 Gen'ral Bobs,  
 And 'is 'ead can think no end —  
 Fact though—Bobs ;  
 Let the young 'un 'ave 'is 'ead,  
 'E'll redooce the bill o' dead,  
 And 'ave victories instead  
 Under Bobs !

'E's a werry punctual bloke  
 'E is Bobs.  
 'E'll reach Krüger on the stroke,  
 'E will, Bobs ;  
 So if 'e names a date  
 Jest write it on the slate,  
 You'll find 'e won't be late,  
 Gen'ral Bobs.  
 But just whisper 'im a word  
 (Secret) Bobs,  
 'Is tongue is sharp, I've 'eard,  
 You know, Bobs ;  
 We're used to "damn" and curse,  
 But if things was the reverse,  
 Tommy wouldn't fight no worse,  
 Would he, Bobs ?  
 He don't mean any 'arm,  
 Old friend Bobs !  
 Let it cause yer no alarm,  
 Dear old Bobs !  
 But 'e don't boss this crew,  
 And as you and 'im make two,  
 Well—Tommy's used ter you,  
 Malum, Bobs ?  
 —Philip Trevor, in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

MAN born in the mountains of Kentucky is of feud days and full of virus. He fisheth, fiddleth, cusseth and fighteth all the days of his miserable life. He shuneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much mean whiskey. When he desireth to raise h— he planteth a neighbor, and lo ! he reapeth twenty fold. He riseth even from the

cradle to seek the scalp of his grandfathers enemy, and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his wife's neighbor's wife's cousin's father-in-law, who avengeth the deed.

Yes, verily his life is uncertain, and he knows not the hour when he may be jerked hence.

He goeth forth on a journey half-shot and cometh back on a shutter, shot.

He riseth in the night to let the cat out, and it takes nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot out of him.

He goeth forth in joy and gladness and cometh back on scraps and fragments.

A cyclone bloweth him into the bosom of his neighbor's wife, and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into Abraham's bosom before he hath time to explain.

He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lieth in wait for him on election day, and lo ! the coroner plougheth up a forty-acre field to bury the remains of that man.

Woe, woe is Kentucky, for her eyes are red with whiskey, and her soul is stained with the blood of innocent moonshiners.—*Martin (Tex.) Democrat*.

In a Pennsylvania town the Health Office was notified of a case of malignant typhoid fever in a dwelling-house on a side street. A messenger was sent to paste labels on the doors. This functionary found himself short of fever labels, so he placed his last on the front door, and going around to the back gate pasted a diphtheria label there. This circumstance nearly caused a panic among the hucksters, who were both the fronts and rears of the houses.

"Gee !" commented a big huckster, " dat's de sick fam'ly I ever seen. It's lucky dey ain't got a side door. Dej have smallpox on dat, sure."—*Exchange*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

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 When you ask for  
**Hunter Whiskey**

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 OLD, SMOOTH, MELLOW

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"BOBS" AND KITCHENER.

You're at it once again,  
Fightin' Bobs,  
Un'eeding privit pain,  
Father Bobs ;  
With a big lump in your throat  
You've stepped aboard the boat,  
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WEATHER BUREAU,  
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Always the best  
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Superlative quality  
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Give Instant  
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JOHNSON'S  
DIGESTIVE  
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MRS. HIX: I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands.

MRS. DIX: Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way.—*Chicago News*.

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—*Washington Star*.

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—*Baltimore American*.

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"No, sir," was the contemptuous reply. "I sell milk."

—*Columbus (O.) State Journal*.

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"Yes, I clerked some in a drug store before I went to the college."

"You can tell the difference at a glance, I suppose, between sulphate of magnesia and Epsom salts?"

"I should say I could."

"Then you can do more than I can, young man," rejoined the proprietor, bowing him out.

—*Chicago Tribune*.

### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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—*Philadelphia North American*.

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some furnishings  
and the man who  
demands absolute  
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Best silk elastic in all  
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A SHREWD business man was being driven in a crowded thoroughfare, when his horses took fright and ran away. He called to his coachman:

"Can you stop them?"

"No," replied the man.

"Then," said the other, "run them into something cheap." —*Youth's Companion*.

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LIFE.

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VOL. I NO. I

1900

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SUBSCRIPTION

# THE SMART SET

A NEW STANDARD MONTHLY MAG

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Among its contributors will be such well-known writers as

Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), Mrs. Burton Harrison, Caroline Duer, Julian Hawthorne, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edgar Saltus, Edgar Fawcett, Elbert Hubbard, Eliot Gregory, Arthur Grissom, Theodosia Pickering Garrison, Hallie Erminie Rives, Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, Vance Thompson, Carolyn Wells, R. K. Munkittrick, Charles Battell Loomis, Albert Bigelow Paine and Oliver Herford.

The first number of "The Smart Set" will be published March 10th. It will contain a satire on New York society by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven.

The assistant-title, "A Magazine of Cleverness," suggests the aims of "The Smart Set." It will appeal to everyone who is willing to be interested and entertained.

Each number of "The Smart Set" will contain a novel of considerable length, several shorter stories and story-articles, poems and other entertaining matter.

There will be 160 pages of reading matter in each issue. "The Smart Set" will be handsomely printed on the best paper.

The object of "The Smart Set" will be, not to publish the work of well-known writers, but to publish work that will make the writers well known; at the same time work by well-known writers will appear in "The Smart Set."

"The Smart Set" will be a decided departure from the practically stereotyped character of current magazines. Get the first number and you will understand what this means.

Unlike other magazines "The Smart Set" will contain no editorial comment.

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Leghorn, Italy.  
Established 1836.

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High Standard Pennsylvania Pure Rye Whiskey.  
"Bottled in Bond" direct from the barrel at the Distillery.



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perfect and scientific home self-treatment for weaknesses. You wear it at night. It gives strength while you sleep. Over six thousand cured during 1898. My little book, "Three Classes of Men," explains all, and is sent in plain sealed envelope free. I answer all letters personally, or the belt may be seen and current tested at any of my offices.

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